

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen content to go with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:
And heere it reits, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford his hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of realloutie in him (Mas-
ter Broome) that euer gouern'd Frenchie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare) not Golish
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in halt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M. Broome) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slen-*
der, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
anay-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath strooken a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it wel: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deauerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir): my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-
breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fai-
ries? and the Welch-deuill *Herne*?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pithard by Hernes
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant
of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Thole that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I pid you: Come,
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.*

Fal. The Windfor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me:
Remember Ioue, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Ioue
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Ioue, that in some re-
spect makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the Ioue of *Leda*: O
omnipotent

omnipotent Ioue, how nere the God drew to the com-
plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a
beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-
fault. When Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windfor Stagge, and the
fastest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time
(Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who
comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Iohn: Art thou there (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raie Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-
fleues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee
heere.

M. Ford. Mist. Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a bribe'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne*
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heaven forgieue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer elsse crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you siery toyes.

Cricketer, to Windfor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnra'd, and hearths vnswep't,

There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,

Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttary.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid

That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,

Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qui. About, about:

Search Windfor Castle (Elugs) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,

That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,

In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre

With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,

Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,

With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing

Like to the *Carters*-Compasse, in a ring,

Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,

More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below faire Knight

Fairies vse Flowres for their

Away, disperse: But till 'tis

Our Dance of Custome, round

Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs n

Evans. Pray you lock hand

And twenty glow-wormes s

To guide our Measure round

But stay, I smell a man of mid

Fal. Heavens defend me

Least he transforme me to a p

Pist. Wilde worme, thou

birth.

Qui. With Triall-fire rou

If he be chaste, the flame will

And turne him to no paine: b

It is the flesh of a corrupted h

Pist. A triall, come.

Evans. Come: will this woo

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, an

About him (Fairies) sing a sec

And as you trip, still pinch him

The Se

Fie on sinnefull phantase: Fie on

Lust as but a bloody fire, kindled

Fed in heart whose flame

As thoughts do blow th

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually:

Pinch him, and burne b

Till Candles, & Star-li

Page. Nay do not flye, I t

now: VVill none but *Her*

turne?

M. Page. I pray you come

Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how lil

See you these husband? Do n

Become the Forrest better th

Ford. Now Sir, whose a

M. Broome, Falstaffe a Knaue

Heere are his hornes Master

And Master *Broome*, he hath

but his Buck-basket, his cud

money, which must be paid t

arrested for it, *M. Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue

neuer meete: I will neuer tak

but I will alwayes count you

Fal. I do begin to perceiue

Ford. I, and an Oxe too:

tant.

Fal. And these are not Fa

I was three or foure times in

Fairies, and yet the guiltines

surprize of my powers, drou

perly into a receiu'd beleefe,

all time and reason, that the

how wit may be made a lack

employment.

Evans. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,

desires, and Fairies will not

Ford. VVell said Fairy H

Evans. And leaue you y

you.